

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

## LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,  
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. II.]

SATURDAY, July 14, 1804.

[No. 93]

## THE MAN OF INTEGRITY.

## CHAPTER VI.

(Concluded from page 314.)

WHEN Warren found himself capable of articulation, he continued: "all my former affection was revived by this melancholy event. I condemned myself for harshness I should have repressed, and was for a considerable time incapable of writing or speaking rationally. In this state I was accidentally seen by the benevolent Bishop of Wells, who, having some slight knowledge of me, took me under his care, and, by his pious exhortations, strengthened my mind, and restored me to a sense of my duties as a man and a Christian. The hope of yet being happy with my child, induced me to return with him to England. But how, amiable Eliza, shall I ever properly repay your goodness to my poor child?" He took her hand, and pressed it between his own; while his warmth brought a glow of confusion upon her hitherto wan cheek. A sudden recollection seemed to rush upon his mind; he let fall her hand, sighed, and hurried to the window to conceal his own trepidation. The entrance of the children was just then seasonable to both.

What a train of ideas did that moment give rise to! Warren came punctually every day. He witnessed the growing beauties and accomplishments of his daughter with rapture; and the dawning of affection he had once felt for Eliza, but suppressed in compliance with the dictates of honor, now glowed anew. Once, when he seemed unusually thoughtful, Mrs. Howard, with friendly solicitude, enquired the cause. "I have reason to be sad," said he, "now that I am obliged to relinquish the agreeable society with which I have been lately indulged. I can no longer be absent from my duty. The Bishop my friend, has cleared my character from every stigma: he wishes me to resume my office directly, and flatters me with the promise of a deanery very soon: but preferment can have few charms for me, while destitute of domestic comfort. Mrs. Howard, dare I say that I once flattered myself with the idea of possessing your esteem; your regard? Was I wrong?"—Mrs. Howard averted her face, for she dared not trust her eyes to meet his. "To what would this conversation lead, Mr. Warren? Consider our situations, Sir, and refrain from expressions which must derogate from the respect due to each other." "Respect, Eliza! Have I then so egregiously deceived myself? Was that the only sentiment I could command from you?" "Whatever my sentiments might once be, Mr. Warren, total indifference on your side could not but make me sensible of my error; even, I say, if"—

"Pardon me," cried he, eagerly interrupting her; "I never was, never could be, indifferent. I first beheld you in the respected light of an amiable woman betrothed to the man of her choice. If facts were misrepresented, I was not to blame. I felt a partiality I dared not encourage; for I was ignorant that the sensation I experienced could be love, while I imagined that passion was only felt by me for Louisa. Alas! passion, unsanctioned by reason, is incapable of conferring happiness. Excuse my vanity, when I own I fancied I was not indifferent to you; and this suggestion made me rather suspect you of coquetry than a more laudable sentiment; yet I could not suffer you to remain in error, and explained my situation to you, and roused your pride; but your agitation at the disclosure strangely affected me. Not to be tedious, I will only say, that I did not experience with Mrs. Warren all the felicity my sanguine fancy led me to expect. I often thought of you, of your many estimable qualities, which I had after my marriage, opportunities of discerning: but I stifled my regrets; and respecting my conduct towards Louisa, I have nothing to reproach myself with. We have both sacrificed to duty, Eliza; though your choice was more fortunate than mine: but you have more amply the power of rewarding me; and I trust our mutual happiness will be increased by the arrangement. Mr. Howard has been a father, ah! more than a father, to my child; let me now repay, as far as pos-

sible, the debt I owe to you. I have nothing to reproach myself with. We have both sacrificed to duty, Eliza; though your choice was more fortunate than mine: but you have more amply the power of rewarding me; and I trust our mutual happiness will be increased by the arrangement. Mr. Howard has been a father, ah! more than a father, to my child; let me now repay, as far as pos-

## THE VISITOR,

sible, my vast debt of gratitude, and become a parent to his. Promise but to be mine, dearest Eliza, and I will wait with patience the time you think duty or custom requires." He was silent. His explanation was so satisfactory and candid, that it admitted not of objection; and he succeeded in obtaining from Eliza an acknowledgment of her early attachment, and a promise to become his wife when the period of her mourning should be expired; when he departed satisfied; and all her friends, without being informed, guessed at the plan in agitation.

At the appointed time, Warren returned, accompanied by his father, who highly approved of the proposed union. The party was soon agreeably augmented by the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, Mr. and Mrs. Villars, Sir Tancred and Lady Torpid, and old Mr. Franklin, who could not be satisfied without he gave, with his own hand, his beloved niece to his excellent young friend. Eliza was attended to the altar by the two lovely children, while modesty and grace regulated every look and action of the fair bride, who, at the age of five-and-twenty, became a second time a wife.

Each admiring friend beheld in her a pattern of female merit, who, in the conscientious discharge of filial, conjugal, and maternal duties, sacrificed the prejudice of inclination, and was ultimately rewarded by the approbation of her own heart, the esteem of the world, and the gratification of her dearest wishes.

The contrast presented in the character of Mrs. Warren, offered an example of the misfortunes likely to attend a confined education; as a beautiful person, when joined to an uncultivated mind, generally proves a disadvantage to the possessor.

Sir Tancred and Lady Torpid are every day examples of habitual folly, which admit of correction by the admonition of judgment, and the exertion of reason.

In Warren we behold a man of strong feelings, and warm passions, restrained by the powerful force of strict integrity, disdaining the common artifice of his sex, that of *engaging affections* which he could not *repay with honor*; deceived in

his first selection, betrayed by his own generous confidence, and convinced by severe experience, that matrimonial felicity is not ensured by personal attractions, or superficial accomplishments, but by the cautious discrimination of prudence, sense, and virtue.

When the ceremony was performed, Warren, accompanied by his wife and little family, returned to the rectory; and the friendly party separated each to their respective home. Nor is it to be doubted, that an union, founded on the pure basis of domestic worth, should be crowned with happiness.



FROM THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

## SINGULAR LAW CASE.

(Continued from page 316.)

## TESTIMONIES on behalf of the Prosecution continued.

*Moses Anderson*, testified, that he had lived at Harverstraw, Rockland county; that he had lived there since the year 1791; that he knew the prisoner at the bar well; that he came to the house of the witness in the beginning of Sept. 1800; that he then passed by the name of Thomas Hoag; that he worked for witness 8 or 10 days; that from that time till the 25th of December, prisoner passed almost every Sunday at witness' house; that during prisoner's stay in Rockland county, witness saw him constantly: that if the prisoner was the person alluded to, he had a scar on his forehead, which he told witness was occasioned by the kick of a horse; he had also a small mark on his neck [those marks the prisoner had,] he had also a scar under his foot between his heel and the ball of the foot, occasioned as he told witness by treading upon a drawing knife; that that scar was easy to be seen; that his speech was remarkable; his voice being effeminate; that he spoke quick and lisped a little, [those

peculiarities were observable in prisoner's speech;] that prisoner supped at witness' house the night of his marriage in December 1800; that witness had not seen prisoner until this day, since prisoner left Rockland, which was between three and four year's ago; that witness was perfectly satisfied in his own mind, that prisoner was Thomas Hoag.

*Lavinia Anderson*, testified that she knew prisoner at the Bar, his name was Thomas Hoag, that in Sept. 1800 he came to witness' house in Rockland county and worked for her husband for 8 or 10 days, then worked for Judge Suffrein; every Saturday night, until the prisoner was married; he and a person who passed for his brother came to witness' house and staid till Monday morning—That witness washed for him; there was no mark upon his linen; that prisoner if he is Thomas Hoag, has a scar upon his forehead, he has also one under his foot; was certain of the mark under his foot because she recollected that the person who passed as his brother having cut himself severely with a scythe and complaining very much of the pain, Thomas Hoag told him he had been much worse wounded and then showed the scar under his foot.

Witness also testified, that about a year ago, after a suit had been brought in the justices court of this city, wherein the identity of the prisoner's person came in question, witness was in town, and having heard a great deal said on the subject, she was determined to see him and judge for herself; that accordingly she went to prisoner's house, but he was not at home, she then went to the place where she was informed he stood with his cart, that she there saw him lying on his cart with his head on his hand, that in that situation she instantly knew him; that she spoke to him, when he answered her she immediately recognized his voice; that it was very singular, shrill, thick, and something of a lisp, that Hoag had also a habit of shrugging up his shoulders when he spoke, this she also observed in prisoner, that prisoner said he had been told she was coming to see him, and it was surprising people could be so deceived and asked witness if she thought he was the man, witness replied she thought he was, but would be more certain if she looked at his forehead, she

accordingly lifted up his hat and saw the scar upon his forehead, which she had often before seen; that prisoner then told her it was occasioned by the kick of a horse, witness added it was impossible that she could be mistaken—prisoner was Thomas Hoag.

*Margaret Secor* testified, that about 4 years ago she lived at Rockland, with her father Moses Anderson, that prisoner at the bar, Thomas Hoag, came to their house in September 1800; that he remained in Rockland five or six months, that he had a scar on his forehead, that Hoag used to come every Saturday night to her father's house to pass Sunday with them, that she used to comb and tie his hair every Sunday, and thus saw the scar; that witness married about two years ago, and came immediately to live in this city; that after she had been in town a fortnight she was one day standing at her door, and she heard a cartman speaking to his horse; that she immediately recognized the voice to be that of Thomas Hoag, and upon looking at him saw the prisoner at the bar, and instantly knew him; that as he passed her he smiled and said, how d'y'e do cousin, that the next day he came to her house, and asked how she knew he was the man—witness replied she could tell better if he would let her look at his head; that accordingly she looked and saw a scar upon his forehead, which she had often remarked upon the head of Hoag; witness admitted she had mentioned her suspicions to her husband, and that her husband had told prisoner of it and had brought him to the house; witness added she was confident prisoner was the person who passed at Rockland as Thomas Hoag.

*James Secor* testified, that he had been married about two years and a half, that he brought his wife to town about a week after his marriage; that he knew Hoag in Rockland and had repeatedly seen him there; when he saw prisoner at his house in town, thought him to be the same person; witness' wife had mentioned to him that Hoag had a remarkable scar on his forehead, and when prisoner was at witness' house, he saw on his head the scar his wife had described.

*Nicholas W. Conklin*, testified that he lived in Rockland county, that he knew the prisoner at the bar, that his name

was Thomas Hoag; that he could not be mistaken in the person: that Hoag had worked a considerable time for him; that during that time he had eaten at witness' table; that Hoag being a stranger and witness understanding he was paying his addresses to Catharine Secor, witness took a good deal of notice of him—thought him a clever fellow—saw a great deal of him—lived in a house belonging to witness; when witness saw prisoner at this place he knew him instantly, his gait, his smile (which is a very peculiar one) his very look was that of Thomas Hoag—witness endeavored, but in vain to find some difference in appearance between prisoner and Hoag; he was satisfied in his mind that he is the same person—Hoag he thought was above 28 or 30 years of age; he thought Hoag had a small scar on his neck.

*Michael Burke* testified, that he lived in Catharine-street, that he formerly lived in Harverstraw; that he saw prisoner several times at Harverstraw before and after his marriage in December 1800; that he was as well satisfied as he could be of any thing that prisoner was the same person he knew in Harverstraw; that about two years ago he met prisoner in the Bowery, it was at the time of the Harlaem races, prisoner spoke to witness, said, am I not a relation of yours? witness replied I don't know—prisoner said I am, I married Caty Secor, (upon cross examination) witness admitted that he and prisoner had a quarrel respecting witness calling prisoner Tom Hoag; that the above conversation was after the trial in the justices court, and witness when asked if he was at the trial, said he was not—tho' when interrogated particularly, whether he was not in the court room at the time, admitted that he was.

*Samuel Smith* was called merely as to the character of one of the witnesses on the part of the prosecution a Mr. Knapp, and testified that he bore an unexceptionable character.

*Abraham Wendell*, testified, that he knew one Thomas Hoag, in the latter end of the year 1800; he was then at Haverstraw, that he had been very intimate with him, and knew him as well as he knew any man; that he had worked with him, that he had breakfasted dined and supped with him, and many a time had been at frolics with him;

and that prisoner at the bar was the same man; that he had no doubt whatever about it; that about a year ago witness being in this city, was told by some persons, that Hoag had beat the Harverstraw folks in an action, wherein his identity had come in question; that witness told them he could know him with certainty; that they said, they would send him down to him, that day; that witness was aboard his sloop, saw prisoner at the distance of a 100 yards, coming down the street, and instantly knew him, prisoner came up to him and said immediately, Mr. Wendell I am told you say you will know me; witness replied so I do; you are Thomas Hoag; that witness was as confident prisoner is the person, as he was of his own existence.

*Sarah Conklin*, testified, that she lives in Haverstraw, that in Sept. 1800, a person calling himself Thomas Hoag was at witness' house, was very intimate there, used to call her aunt; is sure prisoner is the same person, never can believe two persons could look so much alike; Hoag and prisoner talk, laugh, and look alike; would know Hoag from among a hundred people by his voice; Prisoner must be Thomas Hoag, had not seen prisoner since he left Harverstraw till to-day.

*Gabriel Conklin*, testified, that he lived in Harverstraw, that he knew Thomas Hoag, that he was at witness' house in September, 1800 and often afterwards; prisoner is the same person, unless there can be two persons so much alike as not to be distinguished from each other; prisoner must be Thomas Hoag; Thos. Hoag had a scar on his forehead, and a small scar just above his lip, (prisoner had these marks.)

[Further testimony in behalf of the prisoner.]

*James Jaspur*, testified, that he had known Joseph Parker the prisoner at the bar for seven years past, that he had been intimate with him all that time, that they had both worked together as riggers until Parker became a cartman, knew Parker when he lived in captain Pelor's house, never knew him absent from the city during that time for a day, excepting when he was working on board of one of the United States frigates about a week at Staten Island—in the year 1799, prisoner hurt himself on

board the Adams frigate, and he then went to his father's in Westchester county, and was absent near a month, he was very ill when he left town; witness went with him and brought him back again, he was not then quite recovered; recollects perfectly Parker and some other company passing Christmas Eve, at witness' house, the year that Parker lived in Captain Pelor's house which was in 1800.

*Susannah Wannel*, testified, that she had known prisoner for six years past, that he married witness' daughter, know him when he lived in Capt Pelor's house; Parker's wife was then ill, and witness had occasion frequently to visit her, saw prisoner there and almost daily, prisoner excepting the time when he was sick and went to his father's in Westchester, has never been absent from the city more than one week since his marriage with witness' daughter.

It was agreed between the Attorney General, and the council for prisoner, that the prisoner should exhibit his foot to the jury, in order that they might see whether there was that scar which had been spoken of in such positive terms by several of the witnesses on the part of the people.

Upon exhibiting his feet, not the least mark or scar could be seen upon either of them.

In further confirmation of prisoner's innocence, there was then produced on his behalf,

*Magnus Beckman*, who testified, that he was captain of the city watch of the second district, that he was well acquainted with the prisoner, Joseph Parker, that he Parker had been for many years a watchman, and had done duty constantly upon the watch, that witness upon recurring to his books, where he keeps a register of the watchmen and of their times of service, found that prisoner, Joseph Parker was regularly upon duty as a watchman, during the months of October, November, and December, 1800, and of January and February, 1801, and particularly that he was upon duty the 26th of December, 1800.

The jury without retiring from the bar, found a verdict of NOT GUILTY.

### RATIONAL LOVE.

*From the Tablets of Athmos, the son of Belos.*

Beauty, deceitful promiser, away!  
Why tint thy visage with Aurora's bloom?  
Why with celestial fire thy eyes illumine?  
Why with a Seraph's grace thy floating limbs display?  
Does soft Deception need so bright a ray  
To dazzle Reason, and the soul consume?

Deceitful breath, sweeter than Indian air,  
Flowing in accents soft as Music's strains,—  
Cease thy persuasions, for my soul disdains  
The bondage of those hopes thy perjured accents bear:  
Of tender oaths my soul beware—  
The heart that prompts them owns them not for chains.

THE youth whose years of opening manhood are commenced in a large and voluptuous city, loses too often that delightful sensation of the soul which peculiarly claims the denomination of Love, and gives away that title to mere animal desire, or at least to the natural impulse excited in him towards the first object of sexual gratification.

With an imagination crowded with ideas of tender attachment, and of the delights of enjoyment—with hopes seduced by deceitful blandishment—with sensations animate with the fire of youth, and the indulgencies of beauty, the infatuated boy believes he feels all that passion which either raises or depresses, refines, embitters, torments, or sweetens, the existence of man. Reflection, in vain, points out, during the moments of satiety, that perversion of sentiment by which he has been actuated: he believes all else, but what he has been sensible of, to be the sophistry of frigid age—the refinement of speculative mind, or the apologies of torpid impotency.

He intoxicates Reason with renewed draughts of delight, and continues to desire without love—becomes attached without esteem—and forms an interested intimacy without friendship; and where this delirium is, for any length of time, suffered to debase the affections, the heart loses the faculty of contracting constant and virtuous desires: perhaps, injured to the infidelities of its object, it becomes insensible to the beauty of chastity. Perhaps, long engulfed in the vortex of dissipation, it cannot rise again to the smooth surface of do-

mestic tranquillity; perhaps, habituated to the recesses of concealment and of shame, it cannot bear the splendor of conscious modesty, nor the dignity of authorised affection.

Love,—tender and agitating influence of desire—impressive emanation of beauty!—those days of the life of Athmos which were devoted to thee, must ever be remembered with regret, although in that remembrance arise remorse, with a tedious train of conscious follies. Moments due to reputation—hours claimed by duty—days which no exertion can recal, and the loss of which no labor can compensate, where all yielded, thoughtlessly yielded to thee. And art thou no longer master of the festive sound, the gay delight, the tender enthusiasm of pleasure? Peace, peace, my bosom: she is gone for ever—she is another's:—peace, peace; it is but Memory, who delights to dwell on the shadowy joys which have vanished, as the weary traveller dotes on the dream that restored him for a moment to his country, while he drags his miserable steps through the desert of some distant region. Peace too suddenly excited heart; it is not *her* again acknowledging affection; it is not *her* again dismissing thy rival,—it is but Memory, rehearsing the strain which imagination and the Muse learnt from the lips of Love.

### IL FELICE.

What Muse can give expression to my joy?  
No lifeless words, to mortal accents known—  
No sounds on earth can happiness employ—  
Transport is vocal in the heavens alone.

Yet I'll exclaim—"See her yon youth discard—  
"My rival, lo, from bliss untouch'd departs—  
"To triumph! won is Love's reward!"  
But words are weak—no language is the heart's!

E'en had he words—words from a Seraph's lyre—  
Learnt by some poet rapt mid spheres above;  
Like gold suffus'd beneath the Cyclops' fire,  
All words dissolve in sighs, when charg'd with love.

Read, LUCIA, read these eyes—these flushing cheeks—  
Feel in this burning kiss the language Transport speaks.

It has frequently been said that the influence of love is universal; yet how small a part of mankind do we find capable of comprehending what thus actuates the bosoms of all. The thoughtless lose all sentiment in dissipation—

the sedate in business; and nothing of that passion that burns in the verses of the poets, and glows the loveliest meteor of the imagination, is generally known, but animal desire, united to the friendship of interest, or esteem. Yet every body is conscious of an indistinguishable idea which fascinated all other thoughts during some moments of that period which allies puerility to manhood. Care, pleasure, or a more immediate and violent impulse, hurried it away, and the strong impression it was about to make, is lost in the variety of the world leaving on the memory that simple trace alone which acknowledges nature in the fictions of the poet or the novelist, and sometimes sympathizes with the sensations of those who accidentally retain its pristine force.

If the miseries of dependence can ever be rendered sufferable, and the wretched hours of relentless toil softened into content, it is by making our submission and labor subservient to the comforts of a lovely and virtuous woman:—if the torments of slavery, the shackles of poverty, the fatigues of drudgery, can ever be increased, it is by finding them the despised and inadequate means of satisfying the prodigality of her for whom they are sustained.

It appears that sentiment must be united with sensation, in order to elevate the sexual passion, and render it worthy the bosom of a rational being, and that to this union of the intellectual with the sensitive powers, is peculiarly bestowed the appellation of *love*.

So universally does this truth seem to be acknowledged, that the term *love* is applied only to the passion as it actuates the human race; and although we observe in the brute creation symptoms of strong attachment, we never dignify their affection with the name of *love*. And pity it is that a word of which the soul of man appears jealous, is claiming by it a share of nature's most delightful influence, should ever be abused—that it should ever be applied to mere animal desire, or to the unmeaning fondness of insensible folly.

On the former we often find it bestowed, not only by licentious poets, but by such philosophers as are fond of vilifying the powers of the mind, and reducing all our intellectual faculties to material organism. On the latter, I mean

on that unmeaning fondness of the idiot—on that unintelligible liking which the man of narrow understanding feels, in common with the rest of animated nature, we hear the term *love* bestowed too often, even by the lips of the fair. But would that lovely part of our race, for whose sake both thought and action agitate our days, compare the feeble tenderness, unsupported by understanding, playing about the unsettled imagination of the fop, with the firm and constant passion which the man of sense feels,—ardent, because replete with numerous ideas of beauty and delight, which the impotent intellect of the fool cannot conceive; and unalterable, because united with reason: then, we should soon see presuming folly sinking to its proper level—the card table of antiquated virginity, or the drawing-room of vanity and affectation—while our admiration would be more frequently excited by that highest perfection of human nature—the masculine power of intellect supporting and dignifying the gentle feminine attributes of loveliness and sensibility.

#### LO SVENTURATO.

Can any music from the well touch'd lyre  
Yield yon pale lover's torpid soul relief?  
What strain can sympathize with lost desire,  
Or pierce the deafen'd ear of hopeless grief?

Essay that air which LUCIA oft has sung—  
Ah, cease!—thy notes are now not heard, but  
felt!  
What woe-fraught murmurings tremble on his  
tongue—  
Into what tears, renewed sensations melt!

He listens—now the same sweet strain repeat—  
Claspt are his hands!—uprais'd his languid  
eyes!—  
A momentary transport—ah! how fleet!  
Relapsing into Memory's agonies!

Cease,——cease!—thy lyre affords no soothing  
strain—  
When grief absorbs all thought and recollection's  
pain.

T. N.

#### THE TYTHE FIG.

A N opulent gentleman, member of the parliament for a borough in the west of England, some time ago, on the evening previous to the marriage of his nephew, a clergyman, sent him by his servant a parcel, accompanied with a note, in which he informed him, that it was

with concern he reflected, that the living he had lately presented him to could not be immediately productive; he had taken care however to reserve him a *tythe pig*, which he hoped he would not refuse as it might furnish, together with the stuffing, a dish for the wedding dinner. —On our unpacking the parcel, behold a most beautiful *silver pig* of exquisite workmanship presented itself to view, and after examining it for some time, a little door was discovered, on being opened, the cavity was found to be *stuffed* with bank notes to a considerable amount. All were delighted with the pleasantry, taste and generosity of the donor; the young gentleman has from hence been taught to consider a *tythe pig* as no bad thing; and it is said the chaplain has requested a pig from the same sow the next time she farrows.

#### WHAT THEN.

AS a diligent use of these two words have been very beneficial to myself, I am convinced that, if they were properly regarded, they might be equally beneficial to others.

When I was seventeen years of age my father died, and left my mother with me and six other children in great distress. My aunt, offered to take me as a chambermaid. As I was lively, well shaped, and had a pleasing countenance, some of my friends disapproved my acceptance of this offer.

An old officer who had been my father's friend, heard of it, and sent for me, advised me not to refuse it, conditionally that I would fortify myself daily by looking up to God for protection, and he added likewise, that he had prepared a faithful Monitor to accompany me at all times and in all places; to which if I paid a due regard, I should be preserved from the danger so much dreaded.

He then gave me written in large on a card *what then?* enjoining me always to have it about me, and frequently to reflect on it. He moreover charged me that whenever any one flattered me by commending my person, discoursing amorously, or making love, as it is called I should steadily reply *what then?* and as often as any of them repeated their protestations of love, &c. I should as often repeat *what then?*

I assured him I should endeavor to follow his advice, and accordingly I went to my aunt. I had soon many admirers, to whose addresses I always replied *what then?* It had the intended effect; and thus I got rid of many vicious solicitations and impertinent lovers, and so preserved my character unsullied.

But I was once in very great danger; for a sprightly young farmer gained the possession of my heart, whose character and circumstances were such as in all probability might make the married state happy: he seemed very fond of me, and often professed how much he loved me, but never proposed marriage, I had therefore recourse to my faithful Monitor, and so repeatedly that I found him alarmed by it; for at length in answering *what then?* he replied, "I mean to marry you." This he accordingly did. I am now very happily situated, which I attribute to the constant application to my Monitor.

This inestimable *preservative* I would recommend to all young women, to secure them against the various arts of seduction so frequently practised to the ruin of the unguarded.

Consider well these two important words *what then?* Pause a while—Beware—Resist the Temptation.—What must be the consequence of listening to these Seducers—Ah! *what then?*

#### READY WIT.

A COURT buffoon, having offended his sovereign, the monarch ordered him to be brought before him, and with a stern countenance, reproaching him with his crime, said to him, "Wretch! receive the punishment you merit, prepare for death!" The culprit, in great terror, fell on his knees, and cried for mercy. "I will extend no mercy other to you," replied the prince, "except permitting you to choose what kind of death you will die; decide immediately for I will be obeyed." "I adore your clemency," said the crafty jester, "I choose to die of OLD AGE."

#### VIOLENT LOVE.

A SPANISH poet, describing his passion says, that in thinking of his

mistress, he fell into a river, where the heat of his passion had such an effect on the water, that it bubbled up, and boiled the fish, insomuch that those who came to take him out were diverted from their object by the delicacy of the fish, which were swimming about ready cooked.

#### NOTHING LIKE METHOD.

A ROMAN Catholic curate, to free himself from the great labor of confessions in Lent, gave notice to his parishoners, that on Monday he should confess the *liars*; on Tuesday the *misers*; on Wednesday, the *slanders*; on Thursday, the *thieves*; on Friday the *libertines*; and on Saturday, the *bad women*. His scheme succeeded—none attended.

#### A LADY'S TOILET.

THE following are humbly recommended as necessary requisites for a lady's toilet:—A fine eye-water, *benevolence*—Best white paint, *innocence*—A mixture giving sweetness to the voice, *mildness & truth*—A wash to prevent wrinkles, *contentment*—Best rouge, *modesty*—A pair of the most valuable ear-rings, *attention*—An universal beautifier, *good humor*—A lip-salve, *cheerfulness*.

A YOUNG lady in the habit of putting on a great deal too much rouge with too little care and art, was lately boasting that she owed what color she had to her custom of washing her face in cold water; but perceiving some little hesitation or astonishment in the company, she said to a gentleman, "you dont seem to believe me."—"Oh! madam," said he, "I have not the least doubt, it is very clear you wash in the *red sea*."

A CAPTAIN of a Privateer, who had been in an engagement, wrote to his owners, acquainting them that he had received but little damage, having only one of his *hands* wounded in the *nose*.

## The Visitor.

SATURDAY, July 14, 1804.

#### LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the deaths of 26 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

OF CONSUMPTION 7—inflammation of the lungs 1—hepatic inflammation 1—complaint in the bowels 1—dropsy 1—hives 1—chincough 1—drowned 1—inflammation of the bladder 1—fits 2—sudden 1—whooping cough 1—by taking laudanum 1—accident 1—old age 1—dysentery 1—debility 2—and 1 the day after its birth.

Of whom 14 were adults, and 12 children.

#### RIOT IN PHILADELPHIA.

From the Philadelphia Journal, we obtain the following particulars relative to the riot mentioned in our paper of yesterday, to have taken place in that city, on the evenings of the 4th and 5th instant; the means of its suppression or the conduct of the authorities on the occasion are unfortunately unnoticed.

About half past eight on the evening of the 4th, a number of young men (negroes) collected in Small-street, formed themselves into a company, and appointed a captain, lieutenant and ensign—they proceeded from Small to Shippen-street; they at this time were without arms. In about three quarters of an hour a cry of murder was heard in Small-street. A poor inoffensive old man was knocked down and his pockets picked. A young gentleman near Fifth-street met with a similar fate, whom they threatened to kill, and on the intercession of a woman, before whose door it happened, they declared they would dispatch her also.

They threatened to murder a Mr. Kane and his family, but thro' the interference of a Mr. Burchell, an American, they were protected. In Shippen near Sixth-street, a young man was knocked down with a brick-bat, and

at the upper end of Small-street they entered a house, and beat the owner and some other person present. They were now about one hundred strong, armed with clubs and swords &c.

On the night of the 5th they collected again, about ten o'clock in the evening, from one to two hundred armed as before, and committed similar if not greater excesses; damning the whites, and saying they would show them *St. Domingo*. These are facts, and ought to have a serious attention given them. In addition it may be observed, that a considerable number of strange black people have been noticed loitering about within a short time.

### LONDON FASHIONS, May 15.

**Full Dress**—A petticoat of lace, over sarsenet or lutestring, very long train, a broad-edged lace, set moderately full round the bottom beneath, adjoining one of the same breadth let in between two ribbons: silk body, lace sleeves and tucker, a cestus of velvet, white colored, or black, narrow and clasped at the bosom with a royal diadem, prince's feathers, an oak-leaf or sprig of laurel. These useful ornaments are formed of gems, the two last of emeralds, the stems fixed in knots of brilliants; they clasp from the circle of the crown, band of the plume and the bows of the foilage; The head-dress is a tiara of jewels, from which falls a veil of very clear muslin or linen powdered with stars or small spots of foil, and forms a beautiful drapery over the dress. The veil is white, with sapphire, ruby topaz, emerald, or amethyst foil: pink, blue, primrose, or lilac muslin veils, are ornamented with silver foil. High feathers on the left side fall over to the right behind the tiara. This dress is peculiarly elegant and becoming.

**Half-Dress**—Worked muslin or linen robe, long train; a close body, crossed over the bosom, confined by a clasped cestus, or a drawn frock body, with a gold, silver, or silk cord and tassels. A light turban or a half handkerchief of muslin, worked all round in cotton or colored silks, twisted and tied at the left side in a bow, and ends touching the shoulder; or the hair in bandeaux, and Grecian puffs fastened by ornamented combs

**For Walking**—Small chip hats, round flat crowns, moderately high, white or colored—the latter most prevalent; the pink wreathed with white roses, hyacinths, and narcissus' blossom; the lilac with jonquils, or any other yellow flowers; the primrose with oak, myrtle, hawthorn, violets, or purple erocus; the blue adorned with silver chains and tassels, fastening very light feathers, either blue or white; on the white chip, flowers of any color. The wreaths meet on the left side, and, with a sprig of the same flower reaching above the crown, are tied by a small bow of narrow ribbon. The very ungraceful square shawls are resigned for long ones of plain muslin or linen, worked with narrow borders on each side, and very richly at the ends. Sprigged or spotted shawls are trimmed with lace in the same manner. These shawls are worn like tip-pets, and are looped down upon the back with a bow of ribbon. Old English, Roman, and Spanish cloaks, and loose pelisses, without sleeves, will all be worn both black and white, with broad laces; the muslin cloaks with elegantly worked borders, Vankyke scollop, and double capes to suit.

### Married,

On Saturday the 8th at New London, capt. Richard D. Starr, to Miss Way, both of that place.

On Wednesday evening 11th at Brooklyn, Mr. Fanning Tucker, to Miss Ann Sands, daughter of Joshua Sands esq.



### Died,

On Thursday afternoon, of a wound received in a duel, with Aaron Burr, Vice President of the United States, General ALEXANDER HAMILTON: a man too extensively known and respected to need any commentary from us; abler hands will do him justice, and contribute to transmit his name, along with the worthies produced by our revolution, down to the latest posterity.

### ORDER OF PROCESSION,

To the Funeral of Gen. Hamilton, arranged by the society of the Cincinnati of the United States, of which he was President-General.

1. The Military Corps, commanded by Col. Morton.
2. The Society of the Cincinnati.
3. Clergy of all denominations.

### 4. The Corpse.

5. The General's Horse.
6. Relatives of the deceased.
7. Physicians.
8. The judges of the Supreme Court.
9. The Hon. Gouverneur Morris in his carriage.
10. The Governor, and Lieutenant Governor of the State.
11. Mayor and Corporation of the City.
12. Gentlemen of the Bar and Students at Law.
13. Members of Congress and Civil Officers of the United States.
14. Ministers, Consuls, and Residents of Foreign Powers.
15. Officers of the Army and Navy of the United States.
16. Military and Naval officers of Foreign Powers.
17. Militia officers of the State.
18. Presidents, Directors and Officers of the respective Banks.
19. Chamber of Commerce and Merchants.
20. Marine Society, Wardens of the Port, and Masters and Officers of all the Vessels in the harbor.
21. The President, Professors, and Students of Columbia College.
22. The different Societies, in such order as their respective Presidents may arrange.
23. Citizens in general.

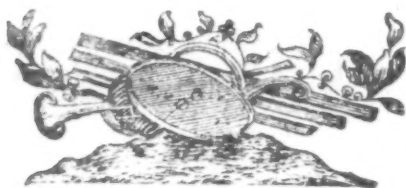
The whole will form in Robinson-st. and proceed from thence through Beekman-st. down Pearl-st. and up Wall-st. to Trinity-church, where an appropriate address will be delivered by the hon. Gouverneur Morris: after which the customary military honors will be paid.

### (Continuation of deaths.)

In Geneva, M. Necker, formerly Minister of Finance in France.

On Sunday evening last, of a consumption, Mr. William Peck of the firm of Peck & Sturges, merchant tailors.

On Sunday last, of a lingering illness, in the 24th year of her age, Miss Rebecca Seton, daughter of the late William Seton, esq.



## THE IDIOT; A BALLAD.

[Founded on a Fact]

**I**T had pleas'd God to form poor Ned  
A thing of idiot mind.  
Yet to the poor unreasoning man  
God had not been unkind.

Old Sarah lov'd her helpless child,  
Whom helplessness made dear,  
And life was happiness to him,  
Who had no hope nor fear.

She knew his wants, she understood  
Each half-articulate call,  
And he was every thing to her,  
And she to him was all.

And so for many years they dwelt,  
Nor knew a wish beside;  
But age at length on Sarah came,  
And she fell sick and died.

He tried in vain to waken her,  
And call'd her o'er and o'er,  
They told him she was dead—the sound  
To him no import bore.

They clos'd her eyes and shrouded her,  
And he stood wond'ring by,  
And when they bore her to the grave,  
He follow'd silently.

They laid her in the narrow house,  
They sung the fun'ral stave—  
But when the fun'ral train dispers'd,  
He loner'd by the grave.

The rabble boys who us'd to jeer  
When'er they saw poor Ned,  
Now stood and watch'd him at the grave,  
And not a word they said.

They came and went, and came again,  
Till night at length came on,  
And still he loner'd by the grave,  
Till all the rest were gone.

And when he found himself alone,  
He swift remov'd the clay,  
And rais'd the coffin up in haste,  
And bore it swift away.

And when he reach'd his hut, he laid  
The coffin on the floor,  
And with the eagerness of joy  
He hatch'd the cottage door.

And out he took his mother's corpse,  
And plac'd it in her chair,  
And then he heap'd the hearth, and blew  
The kindling fire with care.

He plac'd his mother in her chair,  
And in her wonted place,  
And blew the kindling fire, that shone  
Reflected on her face.

And, pausing, now her hand would feel,  
And now her face behold.  
"Why, mother! do you look so pale,  
And why are you so cold?"

It had pleas'd God from the poor wretch,  
His only friend to call;  
But God was kind to him, and soon  
In death restor'd him all.

[From the Republican Farmer]

## ADVICE TO A LOVER.

**H**ENRY, you tell me JULIA's fair,  
To lilies you her skin compare,  
Her hair is CUPID's net you say;  
That skin, though fair in beauty's prime,  
Shall feel the blasing hand of TIME,  
Those charming locks grow harsh and grey!

But O! her angel breast, you cry,  
Her dimpled cheek, her sparkling eye,  
Spread sweet enchantments o'er my soul;  
That breast shall shrink; and, lean and grim,  
Those cheeks shall fade, those eyes grow dim,  
And in their haggard sockets roll.

But see, with more than mortal air,  
She moves; how graceful, beautiful, fair!  
She sings—what melody I hear!  
That form with crippled age shall bow;  
That voice, which warms your fancy now,  
Shall hoarsely grate within your ear.

Let not these transient charms controul  
The nobler beauties of the soul—  
Let higher thoughts your bosom move;  
Faint charms, like meteors, glide away;  
VIRTUE preserves, with brightest ray,  
The flame of unextinguish'd love.

LEARNER

## EPIGRAM.

(From the Italian.)\*

'Tis passing strange, that you, who laugh  
At every soul you view,  
Shoud laugh not at yourself, though all  
Laugh at yourself but you.

\* "Mirabili cosa! ridere  
"Di tutti ognor tui;  
"E di te, o cui ridono  
"Tutti, non ridi mai."

## N. SMITH,



Chymical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Supreme white hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps, leaves them quite smooth. 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

## WHAITES &amp; CHARTERS.

## PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,

No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church, Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piano Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to any that have been imported, as they are made after the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often as instruments in general do.

N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange. Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with neatness and accuracy.

## TUITION.

The Subscriber returns his thanks to his employers for their patronage, and flatters himself that he has every reason to hope for a continuance of the same, soliciting also the patronage of the public, informs, that he has removed his School to No. 17, Bancker-Street where he proposes continuing the ensuing year. A student will attend in said School for the purpose of learning plain sewing and all kinds of needle work. The subscriber continues as usual to give lessons to ladies and gentlemen at their own dwelling, particularly in the art of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them in three months or exact no pay.

W. D. LEZELL.

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